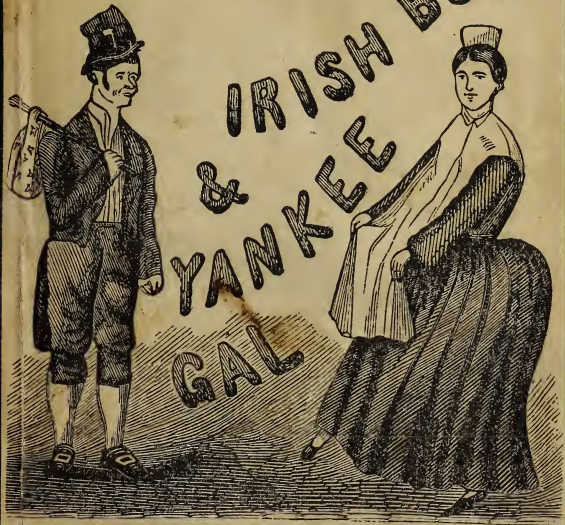
Mr. & Mrs. Barney Williams



SONGSTER

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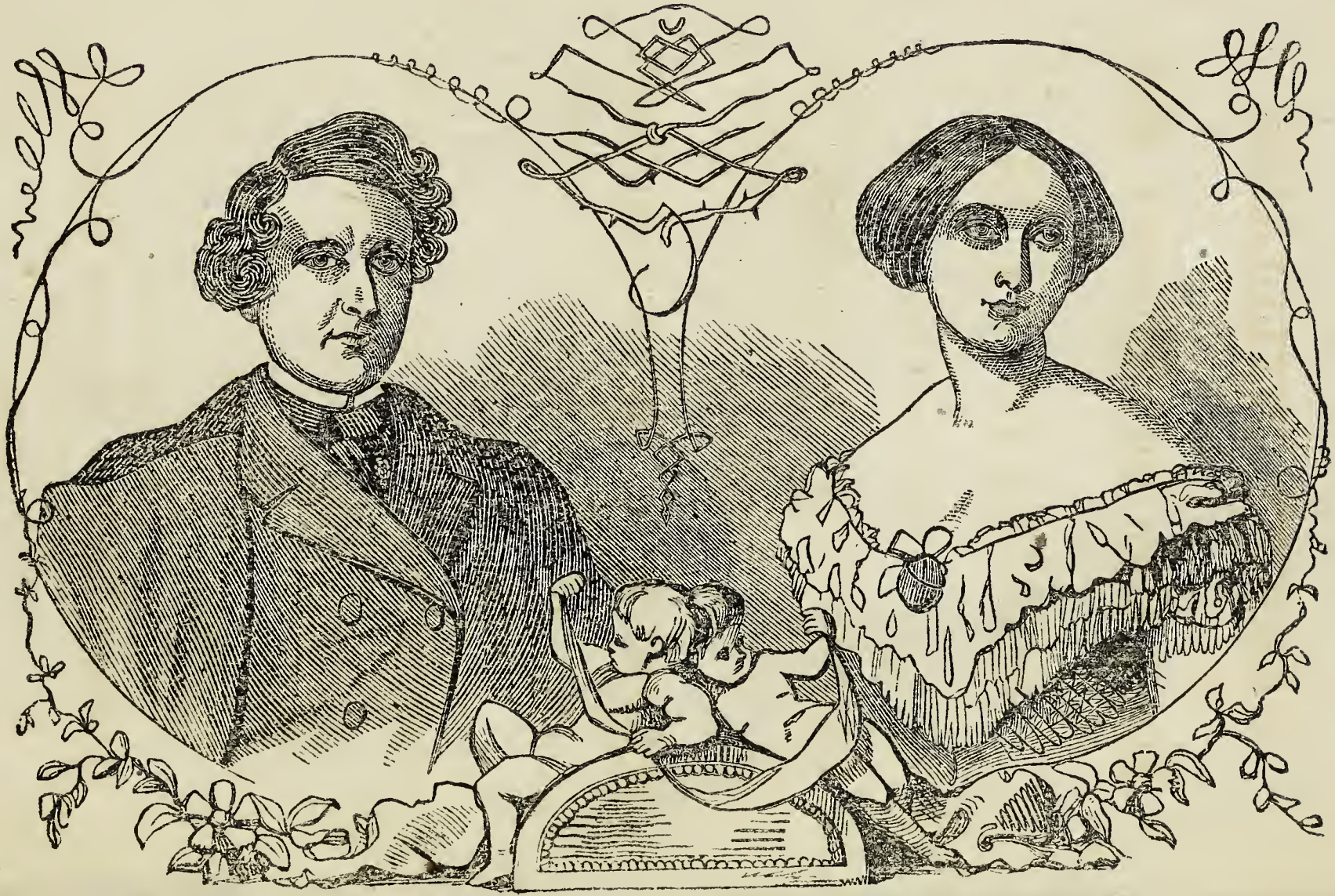

MR. AND MRS.

BARNEY WILLIAMS'

Irish Boy and Yankee Gal

SONGSTER,

CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF SONGS AS SUNG BY THOSE TWO ARTISTS

THROUGHOUT

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES,

AND BEFORE THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE,

AND IN ALL THE

PRINCIPAL THEATRES OF THE UNITED STATES,

WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

PHILADELPHIA:

ROBERT F. SIMPSON, 268 South Twentieth St., above Spruce.

1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

ROBERT F. SIMPSON,

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THE THEATRICAL CAREER

OF

MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

With the exception, perhaps, of the late lamented TYRONE POWER, no representative of Irish character has enjoyed so long, so successful a popularity, as Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS. Throughout the wide and vast theatrical circuit of the United States, the Canadas, and the three Kingdoms of Great Britain, he has never failed to attract crowded audiences, and elicit the most unanimous manifestations of approbation and delight, and his name is a trump card to any manager and any locality wherever it illuminates a play bill.

It not only affords ample evidence of the versatility of his genius, but it is likewise an honorable proof that impelled by the forces of talent, laudable ambition, and perseverance, he has been emphatically THE ARTIFICER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE. There is much truth in the good old couplet, which runs: —

"Knowledge and fame are gained not by surprise,
He that would win, must labor for the prize."

The force of which is fully exemplified in the career and ultimate success of Mr. Williams, who, from the humble position in the theatre of a "utility" *boy*, for he began to be an actor long before he had attained his majority, he has manfully worked himself from the foot of the ladder to

"The topmost round of sovereignty"

in his line. If there existed any doubt whatever in the minds of our American critics as to the truth and correctness of his delineations of Irish character, brogue, bulls, heart and humor, they must all have been thoroughly dissipated by his triumphs in *Ould Ireland*, and before Irishmen themselves, who at least ought to be, and doubtless are, the best judges of their *own character*, and who have hailed his mirror of their own eccentricities with shouts of applause, and stamped them with the seal of their universal approbation.

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The humble and youthful *entrée* of Mr. Williams into the profession as an actor-of-all-work, has had the effect with him, as it has with many other celebrities, viz: that of making him a thorough master of his art and a perfect stage tactician—inasmuch as it has not only enabled him to portray with greater ease and effect the leading Irish characters which he subsequently assumed, but it also rendered him capable, an indispensable requisite in a *star performer*, to *direct* the action and "business" of his own plays, and initiate the different actors in the peculiar *minutiæ* of their parts, as contrasted with his own, and thereby enhance the general effect in representation.

We believe the city of Philadelphia has the credit of being the scene of Barney Williams' first effort and triumph in an Irish character. Some years ago there was produced, at the Arch Street Theatre, a burlesque upon the popular comedy of "*London Assurance*," and entitled "PHILADELPHIA ASSURANCE," in which the part of *Mark Meddle*, in the original play, was twisted into a country *Irish pettifogger*. This part was given to Barney Williams, and notwithstanding the fact that there were several performers of great popularity and high professional standing in the piece, amongst whom we may mention the gifted Ann Sefton, now Mrs. J. W. Wallack, and others, yet so excessively humorous and convulsing was Barney's portraiture of the Irish pettifogger, that he was the main feature in the *dramatis personæ*, prolonging its run for many weeks with the richness of his brogue, and mischievous fun, in consequence of which, he, with "*an horse*," but not of the Bucephalean muscle, which he rode in the Burlesque, were engaged with the piece for the New York Theatre. Unfortunately the *poor horse died* on the passage to Gotham, in the sun of fame which Barney had cast over him—but Barney lived, and we are proud to write, still lives—to enjoy that fame and fortune, which his own toil and talents have justly earned him.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS'

IRISH SONGSTER.

Barney Williams' Seven "Ages of an Irishman."

TUNE—"*Donney Brook Fair.*"

If my own botheration don't alter my plan,
Sirs, I'll sing seven terms of a bould Irishman,
Wrote by one Billy Shakspeare, of Ballyporeen.
He said, while a babe, I loved whisky and pap,
That I mewed and I puked in my grandmother's lap,
When she joulted me hard, jist to hush my swate roar,
I slipt through her fingers, whack down on the floor,
And a squalling I made, sure, at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,
With a bag at my back, and a snail crawling pace,
Went to school to ould Darnly at Ballyporeen.
His look was so owlish, his rod was my dread,
That he learning bate out, 'stead of into my head.
"Master McShane," said he, "you're a dull, dirty dolt,
You've got no more brains than a Kilkenny colt,
You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen."

Next lover I turned, with a song long and strong,
Made to the eye-lashes of Judy McClung,
A fair foul deceiver at Ballyporeen.
She called in the neighbors, I called in the priest,
Of pratees and whisky I had a big feast;
But her swateheart came back, who had been a year dead,
And let his shillelah fall whack on my head,
And knocked all my hopes down at Ballyporeen.

I next turned a soldier, I didn't like that,
I then turned a servant to great justice Pat,
A big dealer in pratees at Ballyporeen.
With venison and turtle he lined his insides,
On so many nick-nacks he lived till he died.
So great was my grief, to keep spirits up,
Of his good fourth proof whisky I took a big sup,
To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Now kicked and tossed round like a weathercock vane,
To my grandfather's cabin I came back again,
Who squeaked, "Pat, you're welcome to Ballyporeen."
When I found him, poor soul, he'd no legs for his hose,
Nor eyes for the spectacles put on his nose,
Wid no teeth in his mouth, so death corked up his chin;
He slipt out of his slippers, and faith I slipt in,
The heir to his guineas at Ballyporeen.

THE WIFE THAT CAN'T BE BEAT.

But three months yet I've been a wife,
My spouse already shows his airs;
I wish I'd lived a single life,
But as I do not, why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and sulk, and cock his hat,
He'll quickly find I'm not so young,
And one who can't be beat at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, and wont be checked;
I'll keep it up both night and day,
Until he treats me with respect.

And if he flirts with—I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit-for-tat,
For I can show he'll find it true,
I'm one who can't be beat at that.

But this I vow: If he'll be good,
And sometimes let me have my way,
(Young wives, you know, all think they should,)
And I will serve him night and day,
And never—oh, no, never rove,
But stay at home with him and chat,
And by true kindness I will prove
I'm one who can't be beat at that.

IRISH KATE OF CALIFORNIA,

OR THE IRISH GOLD DIGGER.

AIR—"*Norah Creanah.*"

By lovely Sacramento's side,
I spied a rose without a thorn, aye,
She was called the valley's pride,
And Irish Kate, of Californy.
She was a laundress, nate and smart,
And washed for gold dust, in the wather,
She washed my linen, wid my heart,
The very first bright I caught.

CHORUS.

On the Sacramento's side,
By the bushes wild and thorny,
Where wid her eyes the clothes she dried,
This charming Kate, of Californy.

My diggings they were nigh her ground;
I washed my sand, she washed my linen;
The more I dug the less I found,
And to give out, I was beginnen.
With diggings wet, and pockets dirthy,
I at my luck began to mourn, aye,

I ran my washing bill quite high
In debt to Kate, of Californy.

On the Sacramento's side,
By the bushes, &c.

One day when I went for my duds,
Widout a dime of dust to give her,
She looked just like a saint in suds,
I felt just like a sheep in shivers.
Says she, "Dear Paddy, don't you fret,
But be a man like her that bore ye;
And if you'll take me for your debt,
I'll wed you here in Californy."

SPOKEN.—"Och," said I, "by the birth of swate Bibby Vanus," when she rose out of the soap suds of the sea, and wid her splash did fill my greasy eyes wid the everlasting green of Irish verdure."

"Troth," said she, "Paddy, you purty, but unlucky divil, don't be puttin' your soft soap at me, but is it a bargain, between the washerwoman and the diggerman?" Said I, "It is, jewel; here's the ratification kiss, for there's no gold in the diggins like your own swate self."

(Sings) On the Sacramento's side,
By the bushes wild and thorny,
Where she soon was made my bride,
This charming Kate, of Californy.

THE TICKLER.

There was a young man, as I've heard say,
That tickled everything that came in his way,
With his high fol de de de.

He tickled his father, he tickled his mother,
He tickled his sister, he tickled his brother,

And he wasn't content with tickling Mat,
But he tickled the dog, and he tickled the cat.

With his higho fiddle de de.

He tickled the pigeon, he tickled the wren,
He tickled the cock, and he tickled the hen.

With his, &c.

He tickled the cow, and he tickled the calf,
He tickled the duck till he made it laugh,
He tickled the cook, he tickled the maid,
And he tickled the pig till he made him afraid.

With his, &c.

He tickled the lion, he tickled the lamb,
He tickled the tiger, he tickled the ram.

With his, &c.

He tickled the horse, he tickled the mare,
And he tickled the girls at a country fair.
There was never known such a tickling job,
For after he'd done, he got tickling a snob.

With his, &c.

This tickling man was so tickling bent,
That he tickled the landlord right out of his rent.

With his, &c.

He went out a tickling without any coat,
And caught a sad tickling pain in his throat,
And that worst of all ticklers, grim Mister Death,
He tickled this tickler right out of his breath.

With his, &c.

MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS, AS "PADDY THE PIPER."

AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILTEN,

OR THE CONTINENTAL SPREAD.

Told by Mrs. Barney Williams.

Aunt Jemima Pawlin, of Pawtucket, had a quilten' party, to get up a Continental bed-spread, and she spread out her fixens on the entire teetotal continental broad-guage principle. Now this bed-spread was of the real old-fashioned squar-toed chequer-bordered plain cut. Every patch was cut out of a dress or petticoat worn by a female Continental patriotess; that is, a revolutionary gal of liberty, of the times that tried men's souls, and tested wimen's hearts clar down to the very heel. She had appointed herself a committee of several to get a revolutionary skirt from all the old thirteen States, and there came in skirts of all colors, like Joseph's coat, and of every stripe; but there was no stripe, I reckon, worn by the gals of '76 but the right stripe, and worthy of the stars that shone over them, and I reckon I may tell you what, that when them quilt frames were spread out, the way our national needles went into them colors was about equal to our bayonets into the British at Bunker Hill, and it was done to reg'lar old revolutionary music, the stitches keeping time to the tune; every needle sung on its own hook. There was, "Squeak the fife and beat the drum," "Hail Columby, Happy Land," "Father an' I went down to Camp," with the "Star Spangled Banner, and long may it Wave." And I tell you what, it made the needles' eyes shine and their points walk in and out as quick as greased lightnen'. Then aunt Jemima passed round a little pennyroyal tea, made out of the identical yarb that our great-grandmothers and grand-greatmothers used in '76, when their husbands put their feet on the British tea and stamp act. Well, now, that kind o' made our needles go even better. Arter that a fine lot of our fellers come in. That made our needles go a leetle bit better. My feller, Josh Juneberry, came

in too. That made my needle go better. I felt him lookin' over my shoulders, and watching the movements of my needle. That made it go more better, and at last he dropt right down along side of me, and oh! I thought all my fingers were needles, an' my thumbs were a sewing machine. Well, I squinted up and down the quilt, and I saw that all the other gals had a feller, and were about in the same state of woman nater. Well, the more we rolled the quilt frame closer, the more the fellers came closer. At last says Aunt Jemimah, "Gals, I reckon as how them 'ere continental skirts must have a curnubial effect on the fellers contiquinity." "No," says I, "I rather guess the magnetism of the needles have a sort of a *gal*-vanic affinity upon their fellerosity." At last we rolled up and stitched up, and rolled and stitched up, and rolled up, till both sides of the frame, and t'other side, too, came bang together, when, Oh! Nebushadnezzar! would you believe it? You wouldn't believe anything else. Why, bang came all our lips together, till the room fairly cracked like a Fourth of July with the railroad collision of the multitudinous lips. Well, we unhitched the quilted continental spread from the frame, and commenced testing its mortal endurance by the reg'lar old-fashioned throw at one another all round, and I reckon as heow, upwards of a few of us gals got pretty well throwed all round. Each gal pitched it at her feller, and each feller pitched it at his gal, and I reckon as heow there was quiltin' done then without needles in it. Each feller, when he got the gal under the quilt, or the quilt over his gal, gave her a squeeze till her hoops cracked, and popped the connuptial question of "*Union* or *Smotheration*." At last I felt the spread come flop over me, like a haycock over a hoptoad, and a squeeze that knocked my elbows into my whalebones, with union or smotheration. I knowed that there was but one feller in all Pawtucket could do up a squeeze in that irresistible conflict-sort-o'-shape, and "Union or Smother-

ation?" was the 'terrogation. Union, shouted I, right or wrong. Union, shouted the entire platform. And that night, under that continental spread eagle bed spread, thirteen gals and thirteen fellers, like the old thirteen States, were joined together in the united state of hemlock, for all etarnity, and all through—through

AUNT JEMIMA'S CONTINENTAL QUILTEN'.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Suny by Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs. Florence, in all the Principal Theatres

Squeak the fife and beat the drum,
Independence day is come,
Let the roasting pig be bled,
Quick twist off the rooster's head,
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nut cakes, fried in butter;
Set the cups and beaker glass,
The pumpkin and the apple-sass.

Send the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy.
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of swinging thick;
Sal put on your russet skirt,
Jonathan get your boughten shirt,
To-day we dance to tiddle diddle—?
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle.

Sambo take a dram of whisky,
And play us Yankee Doodle frisky,
Moll, come, leave your wicked tricks,
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and mother shall make two—
Sal, Moll and I, stand all a row;
Sambo, play and dance with quality,
This is the day of blest equality.

Father and mother are but men,
And Sambo—is a citizen—
Come, foot it Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him.
Now saw as fast as ever you can do,
And father you cross o'er to Sambo—
Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious Independent Day.

Encore Verses.

Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go—
Zounds! as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon.
Aunt Thiah, and there's Bets behind her,
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder,
And there's the squire, too, with his lady;
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.

Moll, bring the squire our great arm chair,
Good folks we're glad to see you here—
Jothan get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull it's corn-cob copple.
Ensign—Deacon, never mind,
Squire drink until you're blind—
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious Independent Day.

CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, in Rory O'More.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn,—
While I more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Oh, my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Leante ruma cruiskeen,
Sleante gar ma voor neen,

Agus gramachree ma colleen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Agus gramachree ma colleen bawn.

In court, with manly grace,
Should Sir Toby plead his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass,
He'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little cruiskeen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn;
But if we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
So fill another cruiskeen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

And when grim Death appears,
After few, but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gives me lave
Just to fill another cruiskeen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

Unsparkable Sarah Snubbins,

OR COURTSHIP IN CONNECTICUT.

Told by Mrs. Barney Williams.

Sally Ann Snail Snubbins, of Snakeborough, was the most all-crabbitest man-hater of all woman nater that ever wore nails and knuckles. Why, she would scratch a man's eyes out for lookin' at her. But one day she happen to be hangin' up clothes in her little brother Jim's lot; and when she went to come out of the yard, she seed her shadow foller arter with a hat on. She took it for the shadow of a feller tryin' to foller arter her, an' she fell to work

an' fit it an' kicked it till she tore up all the cowcumber patch, and knocked off all her toe-nails, afore she found out who she was fighten' with. An' she'd no more allow a feller to come nigh to her than a wildcat would let a bear play hug with her kittens; an' she was knowed all around an' here all round as "*Unsparkable Sal Snubbins.*" She was afeared o' nothin' in creation but lightnin', an' that only because when it come round her she couldn't feel anything bite or scratch, or she'd a split the thunderbolt up into oven chips. Well, my big cousin Caleb Cowcumber was a feller that could spark anything that wore hair. If he once put his foot upon a gal's shadow, he had her about as safe as a cat has a collapsed mice.

Now Unsparkable Sal was liven' out at Farmer Squire Fanbodder's, and every Sunday they all went to meeting a haleluyean week, leavin' Sal an' the big dog an' cats alone at home, to get vittals by the time they come back; an' at these times Sal declared an' vowed, positive right down, that if any feller should dare for to come about them premises, sh'd fire the dog at him, or set the double-barreled gun upon him, just as sartain as fire singes cats' feathers.

Well, it come to pass that one o' them solitary Sundays o' her'n, cousin Cale Cowcumber made up his mind to keep the Sabbath in sparkin' Sal about skin deep, or die out. So he appeared jist arter all had gone to church, an' Sal had bakin' to do, beds to make, chickens to kill, taters to peel, and pigs to feed, for about twenty odd folks, and her nat'ral state of ill nater was about up to jumpin' tooth-ache. Well, Sal no sooner seed cousin Cale comin' towards outside of the lane gate, than what does she do, but call the dog, ole Snapjaw, and hiss him on to him; but Cale, he throwed a choice bit of liver and a little soft nonsense to the animal, an' the critter took the hint an' walked off to the wittals. Sal now got the gun, pinted it right at Cale, an' said, "clear out, you

kill-sheep, or I'll pull the pincushion o' this gun at you; I'll be hanged to death if I don't." "The law don't allow shootin' on Sunday," said Cale, "so there, I reckon, you'll kind o' miss your mark." "Go to grass," cried Sal. "I'm comin' to it," said Cale, as Sal slammed into the kitchen, making mouths at him, and firen' an old rail at his head. "Better save your oven wood," cried cousin Cale. So knowin' all she had to do, what does he do, but goes to work, splits up the old rails for oven wood, an' kindles a roarin' fire in the oven. Next thing Sal heard an all-scarin' cackling amongst the chickens in the barn-yard, an' by the time she had come to the door to see the noise of it, if cousin Cale hadn't six pair o' fowls and hens beheaded, and run bump up against her at the kitchen door, then I'm not here to tell it.

"What'r you abeout, you slink?" says she.

"Doin' up fowl murder for you," says he.

"What do you want in here?" says she.

"I want to scald the feathers," says he.

"Do it, an' I'll scald you like a hog for holidays," says she.

"Your water ain't hot enough to scald this chicken, no how," says Cale, an' he banged into the kitchen, rammed the fowls into the pot, poked up the fire, an' went into peelin' taters like a patent apple peelin' machine. Now this obstinate sample of broad-guage perseverance put Sal into a state of temper a near about thundergust. She grabbed at the fire poker, but by mistake picked up a hickory fire-brand, and just as she was about to chuck it at Cale's face, it set fire to the waist of her frock. Up jumps Cale, took her waist in his two arms, and squeezed her till he smothered the fire out of her dress—the wind out of her breath, the sweat out of her two eyes, and all the man-hater out of her heart, for he was just about untying his arms from about her, to give 'em a rest, when she cried out, "I'm sparked at last! Hang on, Calé, till the fire's out."

He's holdin' on to her yet, an' her to him, but she's no longer Unsparkable Sarah Snubbins, but Mrs. Caleb Cowcumber, of Cowmeadow, Connecticut.

MORAL.—You young sparks, never hang fire for the proudest fair, and you'll never be put out.

Barney Williams' Every Day Facts.

Oh, a horse with his nose at the rack,
Is thinking of corn or of hay;
And the man with no shirt to his back,
Has never a wash bill to pay;
A lad with cash in his fob,
Needn't bother himself how to spend it,
And a tradesman with never a shop,
Needn't waste all the profits to tend it.

A man with no tooth in his head,
Need never complain of its aching;
And he that has never a bed,
Needn't bother himself 'bout the making;
A fellow with plenty of brass,
Is seldom in want of the tin,
And in politics, those who *are out*,
May possibly want to *get in*.

A gal that aint sparked by a beau,
Aint afraid that the old folks will know it,
And she that a secret don't know,
You never need fear that she'll blow it;
A man with his toes frozen off,
Will seldom be plagued with a corn,
And he that buys cow's milk in town,
Will get the pure thing *in a horn*.

A man that is doomed to be hanged,
Will think of suspense and a choker;
And who with his hands stirs the fire,
Will be burnt for not using the poker;

A man who has nothing to eat,
An appetite will not be lacking,
And a chap widout shoes to his feet,
Needn't spend any dimes for the blacking.

"PLAYED OUT."

TUNE—"*King and Countrymen.*"

New "*Bye-Words*" come up every year,
Which all round, up and down, we hear.
There's one, which all around folks shout,
And all of you know it is "*Played Out.*"

CHORUS.
With ri too ral loo, retoo raloo.

If you happen to owe a man a bill,
And dodge it with new excuses still,
And tell him you'll pay next week, no doubt,
He'll quickly reply, "*Come, that's played out.*"
With ri too, &c.

When on some evening out you roam,
And rather late come creeping home,
"Where have you been staying?" your wife bawls out.
"I was kept at the Lodge." She cries, "*that's played out.*"
Ri too, &c.

You go home to dine, quite ripe for feeding;
The cook or wife's been gadding or reading.
They say, "Butcher came late, and the fire went out."
You bang at the plate, crying, "*that's played out.*"
Ri too, &c.

You go to a club for wine and wit,
And in nice expectation sit;

You hear a stale joke, and angry shout,
"Oh, dry up, old hoss, '*that's played out.*' "
Ri too, &c.

Old politicians mount the stump,
And swear their man and their measure a trump.
You've heard it before, and are apt to shout,
With your thumb to your nose, "*come, that's played out.*"
Ri too, &c.

Your gay wife sees rich jewels or dresses,
And tickles you round with fond caresses,
With her eyes on your pocket, her hands hereabout,
Till you give her a cooler, with "*that's played out.*"
Ri too, &c.

Some coughing old buck, of sixty-five,
He sees a young beauty—feels all alive;
With his purse in his hand, he comes bowing about.
But she cries, "Old Dad, '*you're all played out.*' "
Ri too, &c.

Although our States may have some jars,
Should an enemy insult our stars,
Every heart would for our country shout,
And show them Columbians *can't be played out.*
Ri too, &c.

BOBBIN AROUND.

In August last, on one Friday,
Bobbin around, around.
When all the folks were making hay,
We went bobbin around.
Says Josh to me, let's take a walk,
Bobbin around, around,
And we can have a private talk,
As we go bobbin around.
Josh and I went on a spree,
Bobbin around, around,

I kissed Josh, and Josh kissed me,
As we went bobbin around.
Josh's courage no longer tarried,
Bobbin around, around,
Says he, "Dear Patience, let us get married,
As we go bobbin around."
But I knowed he loved another gal,
Bobbin around, around,
Long-legged, crooked-shin, snaggle-tooth Sal,
Bobbin around, around.
When Josh and I got to the church,
Bobbin around, around,
I cut and left Josh in the lurch,
And I went bobbin around.
Josh looked around for me, his gal,
Bobbin around, around.
So he made up his mind, and married Sal,
And they went bobbin around.
Now all you chaps what's got a gal,
Bobbin around, around,
Think of long-legged, crooked-shin, snaggle-tooth Sal,
As you go bobbin around.

Extra Verses.

They took the steamer at twelve o'clock,
Bobbin around, around.
The gun went off, so did they from the dock,
Bobbin around, around.
The second day out the waves ran high,
Bobbin around, around,
If you'd been there, I'll swow you'd died,
To see them bobbin around.
The Isthmus reached, Josh bought a mule,
Bobbin around, around;
When he got on him he looked like a fool,
Bobbin around, around.
At San Francisco Josh keeps a shop,
Bobbin around, around,
And Sal's got a twelve pound chunk on her lap,
Bobbin around, around.

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, AS "CAROLINE MORTON,"
IN "OUR GAL."

I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree.

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll be off to the wars again,
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battle-field no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride?
She's going to leave me now.

CHORUS—Oh, why, &c.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit,
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I played on my lady's lute.
She seemed to think me a boy above
The pages of low degree;
Oh, had I loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
When smiles awake the bridal pair,
I'll hasten to give them mine;
I'll laugh and I'll sing, tho' my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festal train;
And if I survive, I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's sable plume;
And then on the field of Palestine
I'll seek an early doom.
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for a warrior's grave.

The Man that Travels on his Shape.

This life's a long and crooked road,
And we must all get through it;
'Tis easy to avoid a load,
If you know how to do it.
'Tis only to push straight along,
Avoiding every scrape,
Steal sideways through each lucky throng,
And travel on your shape.

I bounce into a tailor store;
He knows my grace of figure;
He clapt his suit upon my back,
To advertise it bigger.
Upon the street I take my swing,
The boys cried, "Lucky ape,
Pray tell us how you do this thing?"
Why, I travel on my shape.

I poke into the first hotel,
And if they don't know me,
They note my figure; by that spell,
The best apartments show me.
And when they next show me a bill,
'Tis thus I make escape,
With, "Ah, thank you, sir, I'll call *again*,"
And travel on my shape.

And next I fascinate some fair,
By words as sweet as honey;
She takes me for a *millionaire*,
I take her for her money.
She soon asks who my banker is,
When I "confess the cape,"
I've not a *red*—and only wed,
To travel on my shape.

Next at some famous watering place,
My Safety Dodge I try on;
My *airs* soon get me into *grace*,
And I am quite the Lion.

And when I'm called to foot my bill,
I cry, "A little more grape."
My name's a *quid pro quo*, you know,
I travel on my shape.

CORNSTALK SAL.

AS SUNG BY MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

TUNE—"*Kitty can't you ki me oh.*"

Away down East there lived a gal,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
The people called her cornstalk Sal,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

CHORUS.

Kimo nary huckleberry,
Broom corn, hainy kimo,
Corn-shell, calabash, truck-patch, yaller squash,
Cabbage-stalk Kitty can't you ki me oh!

This gal, she loved a nice young feller,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
With a face as white as mutton taller,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
Kimo nary, &c.

Her chap, he tried to treat her cool,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh
He called her a squash and a love-sick mule,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
Kimo nary, &c.

They met at an apple-peelin' frolic,
With sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
And Sal got up a bilious colic,
With a loud scream kicking can't you ki me oh!
Kimo nary, &c.

She liked to a died, but then she didn't,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
She thought she would, and then she wouldn't,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

She curled all up like a apple-peelen,
With her scream song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
This fotched her feller to his feelen,
With a scream song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

He squeezed her five yards round the waist,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
Crying, "Sal, if you're comin' to, make haste."
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

"She's gone," he bellowed, like a bull,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
While Sal, she laughed till her skin was full,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

Said he, "I'd marry her, no mistake."
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
Sal jumped up, screamed "*a nuff said, shake.*"
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

They spliced that night, 'mid dance and squealen,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!
And they ne'er forgot that apple-peelen,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki me oh!

Kimo nary, &c.

The Ranting, Roaring Irishman.

Sung by Mr. Barney Williams.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.

CHORUS.

A ranting, roaring Irishman,
A wild tremendous Irishman,
A scaring, swearing,
Thumping, bumping,
Ramping, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with smallpox 'twas scarred across,
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.

Oh, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman,
The great he rogue
With his wonderful brogue,
The rioting, fighting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other, it was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked looking legs,
Were more than two feet across, my dear.

Oh, the monstrous boy of an Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman,
The stamping, ramping,
Swaggering, lathering
Swash of an Irishman.

He took too much of Lundy foot,
That he used to snort and shuffle off;
And in size and shape, neck and nape,
Was as broad and big as a buffalo.

Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman,
The dashing, smashing,
Slashing, lashing,
Thrashing, crashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Brady Mulligan,
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd never rest till it was full again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The reeling, peeling Irishman,
The whisky, frisky,
Running, gunning,
Brandy—no—dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality,
He broke all the pates of the men of Leith,
Just in a wee bit of jollity.

Oh, the leathing Irishman,
The barbarous, amorous Irishman,
The hearts of the maids,
And the gentlemen's heads,
Were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith you teazed me till I've put my cloak on inside out."

"Oh, jewel" says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I gave half a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
Sure, I dream every night I am hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.

"Oh, jewel, kape dreaming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tased me enough,
And I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste—
So I think after that I may talk to the praste."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips; don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE BOLD PRIVATEER.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

It's O, my dearest Polly, you and I must part,
I am going across the seas, love, I give to you my heart;
My ship she lies in waiting, so fare thee well, my dear,
I am just a going on board of the Bold Privateer.

But oh, my dearest Johnny, great dangers have been crossed,
And many a sweet life by the sea has been lost;
You had better stop at home with the girl that loves you dear,
Than to venture your sweet life on the Bold Privateer.

When the wars are over, may Heaven spare my life,
Then soon I will come back to my sweet loving wife.
Then soon I will get married to charming Polly dear,
And forever bid adieu to the Bold Privateer.

Oh, my dearest Polly, your friends do me dislike,
Besides, you have two brothers, who'd quickly take my life.
Come change your ring with me, my dear, come change your ring with me,
And that shall be our token, when I am on the sea.

LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
On a low-backed car she drove and sat
Upon a truss of hay.

But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flowers were there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
Good-natured soul,
Never asked for his toll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike scars;
But Peggy, Peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly.
As she sits in that low-back'd car,
The battle more dangerous far,
For the Doctor's art cannot heal the smart,
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sirs,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumbers these—
While she among her poultry sits
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth a cage, I do engage,
With the blooming God of Love,
As she sat in her low-back'd car,
The lovers came near and far,
And envy the chicken that Peggy is picking,
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sirs,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
With a lady for my bride—

For a lady would sit forninst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
As we rode in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Meaghar,
Oh, my heart would beat high,
At each glance of her eye,
As we rode in that low-back'd car.

Old Ireland's Day is Breaking.

TUNE—"*Young May Moon.*"

Old Ireland's day is breaking,
Her ancient glory's waking now,
From the Liffy, to see
The voice of her free.
The Emerald Isle is shaking now,
The Emerald Isle, &c.

Reform's broad arm is spreading now,
Her toiling children aiding now.
Education's great might
Sheds her magical light,
And the gloom of her night is fading now.

No longer Fair Erin is sleeping now,
'Neath fraud and oppression weeping now;
Commotion is dead,
And oppression hath fled,
And her sons their harvest are reaping now.

Ye exiled Sons of Erin, smile,
With hope for your own dear sainted Isle,
For her day is at hand,
Among nations to stand,
And the world hail the Banner of Innisfail.*

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*Innisfail—*Ireland.*

Ye Factory-Maid and Ye Over-yer-Seer.

OR YE TEN DOLLAR BILL—A SPINDLE TRAG-EDY.

As sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

Tune–Ye "Parliament of England," or Bold Mariners.

There was a fair young maiden
Worked in a factory.
There was an *over-yer-seer* that went
Ye maiden for to see.
Twelve times a week he courted her,
And thrice on a Sunday.
At last ye maid unto him said,
(*Quickly*) "*What are your intentions, pray?*"

Says he, "For my intentions,
They are of the first chop,
For on next Saturday evening
Ye question I mean for to pop."
He on that Saturday evening
His promise did fulfill,
And the question he did pop, was,
Can you lend me a ten dollar bill? (*quickly.*)

Says she, "I'll lend the bill, sir,
If you will pledge beside,
That at this hour next Saturday night,
You'll wed me as your bride."
She made him sign his note of hand,
His promise to fulfill,
And off she went with the note, sir,
And he with the ten dollar bill. (*quickly.*)

Now, with that same ten dolyers,
He took a gal to a ball,
On the night he'd vowed to wed, sir,
And went the thing quite tall.

As he stood for his partner
All for the next quadrille,
Up steps the Factory maiden,
With the Bond of that "ten dollar bill."

The band struck up the dance, now,
The bell struck seven o'clock,
Ye *over-yer-seer* took for the door,
But the maiden, she turned the lock.
She pulled out a revolver,
Crying, "Wed, or pay, or kill,
You'll make us one, or we are two,
All by that same ten dollar bill."

His gal began to dwindle
At the momentuous strife,
She stabbed herself with a spindle,
But her whalebones saved her life.
A parson came—the Factory girl
Made the *over-yer-seer* fulfill,
And all their little over-yer-seers
Were marked by that *ten dollar bill.*

BRYAN O'LYNN.

Sung by Barney Williams, in the Drama of Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn was a Scotchman born,
His teeth they were long, and his beard was unshorn,
His temples far out, and his eyes were far in,
I'm a beautiful creature, says Bryan O'Lynn.

CHORUS.

With my ranting, roaring, hoaring, boaring, screwing,
Gouging, auguring, melliting, chiseling, stokering,
Plastering, gammering, sailoring, wafering,
Capering, tinkering, soldiering, butchering,
With my three-handled, four-ironed gouging pin,
I'm a beautiful creature, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no coat to put on,
He borrowed a goat skin to make him one—
He planted the horns right under his chin,
They'll answer for pistols, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
They're nice, light and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to wear,
So he got him a turnip, and scoop'd it out fair,
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,
They'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, he bought him a gun,
He planted the trigger right under his thumb,
He pulled the trigger, the gun gave a crack,
And knocked Bryan O'Lynn on the broad of his back.

Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone,
I'll put her behind, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, and his wife and his mother,
Were all going over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down, and they all tumbled in,
We'll find ground at the bottom, says Bryan O'Lynn.

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

Sung by Barney Williams, in the Drama of Shandy McGuire.

My bark is on the billow dash'd gloriously on ,
And glad were the notes of the sailor-boy's song ;
Yet sad was my bosom, and bursting with woe,
For my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
For my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go,
Oh my heart's, &c.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain,
Bloom the lilies of France, and the olives of Spain;
When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
Then my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains,
Like a friend in misfortune, it blossoms o'er the snow,
For my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,
No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
For my heart's in old Ireland, wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

TRUST TO LUCK.

A popular Comic Song, sung by Mr. B. Williams, in the Drama of Paddy the Piper.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be easy, if in the right place;
Let the world wag awry, and your friends turn to foes,
When your pockets are dry, and threadbare your clothes.

Should woman deceive you, when you trusted her heart,
Ne'er sigh will relieve you, but adds to the smart.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be easy, if in the right place.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and you'll never forget,
Bright morning will follow the darkest night yet;
Let the wealthy look grand, and the proud pass you by,
With the back of their fist and disdain in their eye,
Snap your fingers and smile, let them pass on their way,
But remember, the while, every dog has his day.
Trust to luck, &c.

YOU'RE GOING TO THE WARS.

A PARODY ON JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

As sung by Barney Williams, with great applause, in the extravaganza of "Jenny Lind."

You are going to the wars, where the dirty fighting's done,
Wid your knapsack to your back, and your shoulder to your gun;
Oh, you'll dance no more at fairs, nor go out upon a spree,
What's worse than that, my Micky, you'll be forgetting me;
Wid your *soger* coat of green, when you're thramping into town,
You'll break the hearts of all the gals, and turn them upside down;
And p'raps you'll marry some of them, and if you do, ye see,
By the powers, I'll not rest in bed, but it's *murthering* you I'll be,
By the powers, &c.

When the drums do beat the charge, you'll be dropping on your back,
Like they do in Tipperary, but your skull will show no crack;
And when the *gineral* hears of it, promoted you will be,
A corporal or a body guard, what will become of me?
If I were Queen of 'Meriky, or California's King,
I'd have no guns used in the wars, or any such *murthering* thing!
All the 'ventors of the pistols, I'd transport across the sea,
And I'd kill the *sogers* dacently, *Shelala's gramachree*,
And I'd kill, &c,

FLAMING O'FLANNAGANS.

A celebrated Comic Song, sung by Barney Williams, in the Drama of "O'Flannagan and the Fairies."

Now I'm of age, I'll come into my property,
Devil a ha'penth I'll think of but fun;
'Tis myself will be putting the ladies in papoury,
Just to prove I'm my daddy's own son.
Och now, Mistress Honey, I'll teach ye civility,
Judy O'Doole, escape if ye can—
I'm the boy that will show ye the sweets of gentility,
Loving most women, and fearing no man.
Horroo! wack!
For that was the way with the Flaming O'Flannagans,
From the first illigant boys of the name.
For kissing and courting, and filling the can again,
Drinking and fighting, like cocks of the game.
Horroo! wack!

The tazing, the cursing, the shouting, the shooting,
The clattering of glasses, the beating of skulls,
The dancing would sure be upon the best footing,
Wid Irish Miss Murphys and English Miss Bulls,
The neat little party you'd like to see—
The loves and the whisky, and the devil knows what,
And the dances that we wacked black and blue, like the devil,
And the spalpeens we floored at the very first shot.

Horroo! wack, &c.

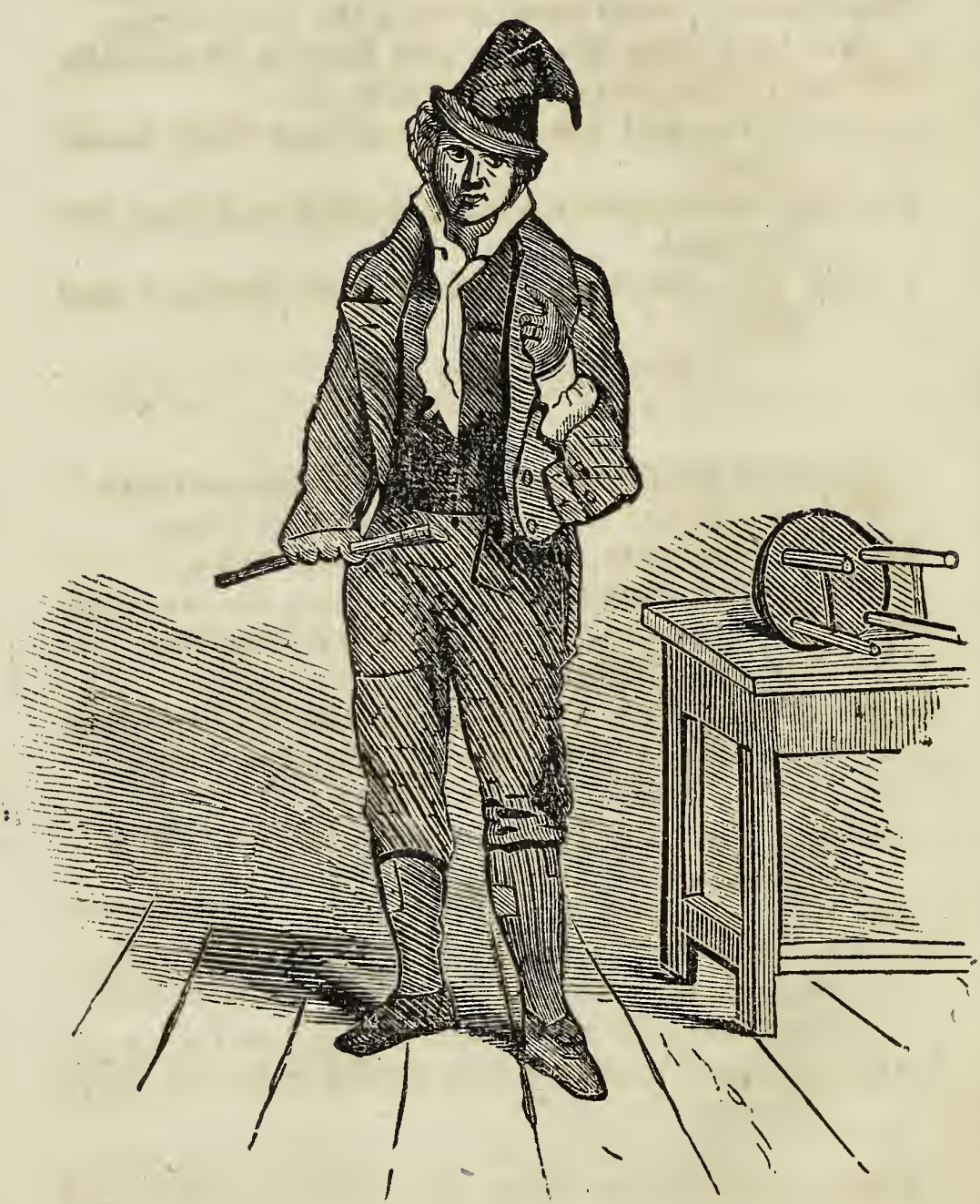
O'Brien, he went through the world without lying,
And he beat the Danes. nine scores of them,
And faix, after that, the Danes beat O'Brien,
And he died victorious, mussha more flat was Pat.
Ever since that, they've been devils for fighting,
That ever was fought on dry land or ocean.
If blood had been spilt, you'd find an O'Flannagan,
Either beating the enemy, or lying stone dead.

Horroo! wack, &c.

Encore Verse.

Do you see how I'm laughed at by all those queer vagabones,
Shouting and screaming twice as loud as they can.
Paddy Flynn, I'll go bail, I give you a sore bag o' bones,
If you'd only come here, and turn out like a man.
Do ye's think I'll stop here till morning, diverting ye's,
While my nate jug of punch is cooling outside?
Good-night, boys, you know I'm sorry from parting ye's,
But the love of the whisky was always my pride.

Horroo! wack, &c.



MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS, AS RAGGED PAT, IN THE DRAMA OF "IRELAND AS IT WAS."

BILLY O'ROURKE.

As sung by Barney Williams, in the Drama of Ireland as it Was.

Faith, I grased my brogues and took my stick, the twentieth day of May, sirs,
Then aff to Dublin town I tripped, to walk upon the sae, sirs,
To see if I could get employ, to cut their hay and corn, sirs,
To pick up pence upon the sea, the cockneys I might larn, sirs,
With my phillaloo and heart so true,
Arrah? Billy O'Rourke the Bochle.

I gave the captain six thirteens, to carry me o'er to Porgate,
But before we got half o' the road, the wind, it blew at a hard rate,
The sticks that grew up through the ship, they sang out like a whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small, they swore we's going to the devil.

The ship, she sang us all to sleep, till they came to the place of landing,
And those that were the most fatigued, the sails were out a handing;
They looked so smart, they won my heart—says I, you fools of riches,
Although you've no tails to your coats, you've money in your breeches.

I met an honest gentleman, a traveling the road, sirs,
Good morning, says I, pray how do you do? but he proved a mighty rogue, sirs,
For at the corner of a lane, a pistol he pulled out, sirs,
And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame! into my very mouth, sir.

Your money, blast your Irish eyes? Arrah! be merciful, cried I, sirs,
He swore my brains he would blow out, if I should bawl or cry, sirs,
He levelled fair just for my sconce, three steps I did retire, sirs,
His pan, it flashed, and his head I smashed—my shillelagh don't miss fire, sirs.

A widow next did me employ, all for to cut and thrash, sir,
No man like me could handle a flail, in troth, I was a dasher;
She had a maid, that used me well, but I being afraid o' the beadle,
I bid her good morning—Madam, says I, I think you'll have use for your cradle.

SAL SLING.

As sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, and received with great applause.

It's now then to you I will sing
About a gal they call Sal Sling, Sling, Sling, Sling, Sling, Sling
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou,
Ri tu ri au,
Ri tu ri ou,
Ri tu ri au.

This gal she dressed so very neat,
And with perfume she smelled so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

This gal she had a very sweet look,
But her nose, it turn'd up like a hook, hook, hook, hook, hook, hook.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

Oh! all the fellows around the place
Did try to see-e-e this 'ere gal's face, face, face, face, face, face.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

But every one of them did fail,
For o'er her face she wore a wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

They all with anger spoke quite loud,
And with their noise did draw a crowd, crowd, crowd, crowd, crowd, crowd.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

Oh! she with fear that they might speak,
Towards her home did slyly sneak, sneak, sneak, sneak, sneak, sneak.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

Oh! from the shock she heavily sighed,
Away flew her broath, and then she died, died, died, died, died, died.
CHORUS—Ri tu ri ou, &c.

RIDDLE CUM DINKY DOO.

As sung by Mrs. B. Williams, throughout Great Britain and the States, with immense applause.

I'll sing a song—'tis not very long—
'Tis five verses long—may-be shorter,
Of a couple so fair, who were called, I declare,
Long Jim, and Sam Johnson's big daughter.
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo,
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo.

This fellow, so tall, was a Ferryman's son;
He carried folks over the water;
'Twas in his Dad's boat, as across it did float,
He first saw Sam Johnson's big daughter.
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo, &c.

He told her that night, if the moon would give light,
He'd carry her off, nothing shorter;
So she promised to go along with her beau,
Long Jim, did Sam Johnson's big daughter.
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo, &c.

Not a moment was lost—so over he crossed—
From the window she jumped—Long Jim caught her;
Then a gun went off bang—in the water she sprang—
'Twas the last of Sam Johnson's big daughter.
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo, &c.

When this Long Sim saw,—his knife did he draw,
And swore that himself he would slaughter;
Then jumped from the boat, and down did he float
To the bottom with Johnson's big daughter.
Riddle Cum Dinky Doo, &c.

OUR MARY ANN.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, with immense applause, throughout the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, in the Faree of "Our Gal."

Oh, fare you well, my own Mary Ann,
Fare you well for a while;
The ship is ready, and the wind is fair,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.
Oh, fare you well, &c.

Oh, didn't you see your *turtile* dove,
A sittin on yonder pile,
Lamenting the loss of his own true love?
And so am I for my Mary Ann.
Oh, fare you well, &c.

A lobster in a lobster pot,
A blue-fish in a brook,
May suffer some—but you know not
What I do feel for my Mary Ann.
Oh, fare you well, &c.

The pride of all the produce ground,
The dinner kitchen-garden fruit,
Is *pumpkins* some, but can't compare,
The love I bear for my Mary Ann.
Oh, fare you well, &c.

PADDY'S WEDDING.

Sung with great applause, by Mr. Barney Williams.

Shure wont you hear
What roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy's weddow, O!
And how so gay
They spent the day,
From the church to the wedding, O!
First, book in hand, came father Quipes,
With the bride's dad, the Bailey, O!
While all the way to church, the pipes
Struck up a tune so gayly, O!

Then there was Mat,
And sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O!
And Murdock Maggs,
And Tirlogh Skaggs,
Macloclan and Dick Duffy, O!
And thin the girls, dressed all in white,
Led on by Ted O'Riley, O!
All jigging, as the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

Whin Pat was asked,
Would his love last?

The chancel echoed with laughter, O!
Arrah, fait', cried Pat,
You may say that,
To the end of the world, and after, O!
Thin tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kisses her genteely, O!
While all in tune, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

Now a roaring set
At dinner are met,
So frolicksome and so frisky, O!
Potatoes galore,
A skirrarg or more,
And a flowing madder of whisky, O!
To the bride's dear health, round went the swipes,
That her joys might be daily and nightly, O!
And still, as they drank, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

And thin, at night,
Oh, what delight,
To see thim all footing and prancing, O!
An Opera or Ball
Were nothing at all,
Compared to the style of their dancing, O!
And thin to see ould father Quipes
Beat time wid his shelaly, O!
While the chanter wid thim old bagpipes,
Kept playing a tune so gayly, O!

And now the knot
So tipsy are got,
They'll all go to sleep widout rocking, O!
So the bridemaids fair
Now gravely prepare
For throwing off the stocking, O!
And round, to be shure, didn't go the swipes,
At the bride's expense, so freely, O!
While, to wish them good night, the merry pipes
Struck up a tune so gayly, O!

NORAH McSHANE.

As sung by B. Williams, with great applause.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me,
To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And faith I'm as wretched as wretched can be;
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
The beautiful halls and the emerald plain,
And ah! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,
About that black-eyed rogue, sweet Norah McShane.

I sigh for the turf-pile so cheerfully burning,
When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar,
When I tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the anthem of "Erin Go Bragh."
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted,
To my country and love I must get back again,
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah McShane.

Oh! there's something so sweet in the cot I was born in,
Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the mornin',
What music in lifting the rusty old latch;
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
My pockets were light, but my head had no pain;
And if I but live till the sun shine to-morrow,
I'll be off to ould Ireland and Norah McShane.

BALLYGARREN.

In Ballygarren I was born,
Me parents reared me young and tender,
In a nate mud cabin we lived forlorn,
Wid two holes for a dure and winder.

CHORUS.

Tow Row Row,
Listen to me now,
I'll sing while I'm in good humor,
That's just now.

We had too nately furnish'd rooms,
One for dad and mam you see,
The other it was nately fixed
To accommodate the pigs and me.

CHORUS.

One winter's morn the agints came,
The snow was flying thro' the air like feathers,
Whin augh! they turn'd us out of doors,
To the mercy of the wintry weather.

CHORUS.

Me dad and mam soon died of grafe,
And left me all alone to wander,
Whin I was forced to beg from dure to dure,
Contínted wid a crust or bone, sir.

CHORUS.

Augh! but I wud like to meet
The spalpeens although drest so gayly;
Augh! I'd teach thim betther manners—
I'd break their heads wid my shillaly.

CHORUS.

I have a swateheart lives close by,
Around her swate self I must hover;
While I'm giving you me blarney,
She may get another lover.

CHORUS.

Fine Ould Irish Gintleman.

I'll sing you a fine ould Irish song made by an Irish pate,
About a rale ould Irish gintleman, who had the divil a taste at all of an estate,
Barrin' a patch of potatees which he liked exceedingly to ate,
For they were to him, beef an' mutton too, and with the exception of a red herrin' an' a rasher of bacon now an' then, every other kind of mate,
For this fine ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the olden time.

The walls of his ould cabin, were plastered o'er wid mud,
Because he had no paper hangings, and between you an' I, he wouldn't give a d—n for them if he could.
And there the ould chap sate in state, or at the door he stood,
Wid a noggin o' whisky in his fist, an' he was decidedly of opinion that if he'd drink it, it 'ud do him a mighty dale of good—
Och! this fine ould Irish gintleman, was a boy of the oulden time.

Now this ould Irish gintleman wore mighty curious clothes,
Tho' for comfort I'll go bail that they'll beat any that's worn by your Chestnut street fashionable beaus—
For the wind through his ventilating garments so beautifully blows,
And then he never wears no shoes upon his feet, because he despises the amiable weakness of wearing such a hard thing as leather on the toes,
Och! this rare ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the oulden time.

Now this ould Irish gintleman once got upon a spree,
An' he did what many an Irish gintleman has done
before an' will do again to the ind of time,
he got about as drunk as he could be,
He got quite whisky bothered, so that he could
neither hear nor see.
So they put him on a shutter and carried him home
to have him wak'd and buried decently,
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the oulden
time.

They laid him out so beautiful on a long straw
feather bed,
Wid eight or ten candles round his feet, and sixteen
or eighteeen dozen—more or less—about his
head,
But when the whisky bottle was uncorked, arrah,
by gob! he rose right up in bed,
And says he, while such mighty fine stuff as that is
flying round, do you think I'm such a cursed
fool as to lie here dead.
Och, this fine ould Irish gintleman, was mighty
hard to kill.

Since I've been in the Army.

I'm Paddy Whack, from Bally-na-hack, not long
ago turn'd soldier,
In grand attack, in storm or sack, none will than
I be bolder;
Wid spirits, gay, I march away, I plaze each fair
beholder,
The ladies cry, as me they spy, Och! what a lovely
soldier.
Londonderry, or London merry, ye ladies all, I'll
charm ye,
An' down ye'll come, whin I bate the drum, to see
me in the army.

Wid my rub-a-dub dub, row dow dow, I live dear girls to charm ye,
An' down ye'll come, whin I bate the drum, to see me in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls, would make a dacent party,
There's Katy Lynch, a tidy winch, and Peg and Sue McCarty,
There's Sally Maggs, and Judy Baggs, and Martha Scraggs all storm me;
And Molly Magee, she's after me, since I've been in the army.
The Kittys and Dollys, the Bridgets and Pollys, in numbers would alarm ye;
Even Mrs. White, that's lost her sight, admires me in the army.

PADDY'S TRIP TO AMERICA.

Sung by Barney Williams, in the Farce of "Paddy's Visit to America."

I left my native shore last May,
A steamship swept me through the ocean,
Of mighty hills of sae,
Of which, dear people, you've no notion;
The thunders howl'd, and the billows rowl'd,
The storm growl'd, and I yowl'd beside them;
The lightning flashed, the engines smashed.
And the captain swore that ill betide them.

Spoken.—Och, murther avourneen, that was the day of sorrow, entirely. I thought it was all up wid me—and so it was; for, conshumen to the bit—bite or sup—I let down me for seven year before,—that didn't come up galloping and making its escape as if a Brigade of Police was shooting and prod-

ding it before them. It tuk the most infernal canther that ever was seen—confound me—but come through me lek an express thro' a country village; in that miserable misery I cried out:—

Och, captain! sez I, if here I die,
Curse the police and baliffs ever;
For one day they drove me away,
I'll never forgive thim—curse thim niver.

Up wint the ship—oh, dear! sez I,
Up wint my accounts that very minute,
Then down to —ll or very nigh—
I thought, by gosh! I was half-way in it;
The big waves broke out our mast of smoke.
It was no joke, at dead of night, then,
For sails and riggin both danced a jig in
The gale beneath the moon's dim light, thin.

Spoken.—Och, by the powers, it wor the divil's own waddyde bucketty, sure enough—one moment we wor catching mother Carey's chickens, among tundher and lightning, up stairs in the clouds, and the next minute our poor devoted bark, wor dancing a turnpike on the back of a whale, as large as the plains of Connamarrah at the bottom of the great deep—there's no use in talking—the waves bate Bannaher, and Bannaher bate the Divil; and our little unfortunate ship bate the both of thim lek vingeance. In this miserable misery I cried out:—

Captain, dear, &c.

The Captain cried—mate, I shouted—dhrink,
The ship has struck, she'll go assundher,
We reel upon the graves' thin brink,
That moment our cargo was boults of tundher,
The engines melted, the hailstones pelted,
And, faith, I felt it dear, mighty quarely;
The vessel parted, and so I started
For shore on my stick that morning airly.

SPOKEN.—Och, milla murther! it was terrible to hear the tundner firing away as if there was'nt a targit in the whole world for it, but our poor ship bate the peeler's shooting all to pieces. Bad scranned to the bit, dear people; if ye wor to see me hidin in the chimney-way lek a pickled herrin. For the wind blew it down, but you would pity me above all things. It was in this miserable misery I cried out:—

Captain, dear, &c.

I lay quite dead upon the strand,
The good Yankees found me, lek Gulliver, long ago
Choked wid mud and dirty sand;
They spooned it out as this my song shows,
I'm now quite well, but cannot tell,
How does poor Nell I loved so long ago,
But more I'll write to-morrow night,
And I will sing again—more—oh!

SPOKEN.—Dead as a door-nail, as I was begotten and born in the deep ocean, and my mouth was as full of mud and sand, as it used to be wid praties and buthermilk long ago, and every bit of life smothered in me, lying, lek a hake on the shore, burning undher the 'meriken sun—firing to the bit of me knew where I was till a batch of live Yankees, came across me and tuk me, forninst a magerstrate, to give an account of myself. Och, the divil a haporth I could tell him, because of the stuffin I had in me. And in this miserable misery I cried out:—

Captain, dear, &c.

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, AS LOVELY NANCE, IN "OUT OF PLACE."

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och, hone! widow Machree.
How altered your hair with that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair, which should be flowing free,
Be no longer a churl with its black silken curl,
Och, hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is coming,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
When every thing smiles should a body look grim,
Och, hone! widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs, the rabbits and hares,
Why even the bears now in couples agree,
And the mute little fish, though they can't spake, they wish,
Och, hone! widow Machree

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
Why the shovel and tongs, to each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs full of family glee,
While alone with your cup, like a hermit you sup,
Och, hone! widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've told,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cold,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
With such sins on your head, you're peace 'ud be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed without thinking to see
Some ghost or some spirit, that 'ud wake you each night,
Crying "Och, hone! widow Machree!

Then take my advice, darling widow Machree,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
You'd have me desire, then stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar in whispering to me,
That ghost 'ud depart, when you've me near your heart,
Och, hone! widow Machree!

Widow Machree, I don't wish to be bold,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
But with these inducements that I have just told,
Och, hone! widow Machree!
I give you my word, my own, my adored,
And as a reward, take this promise from me,
To atone for my sins, your first child shall be twins,
Och, hone! widow Machree!

SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Sung with great applause, by Mr. Barney Williams.

Och, love is the soul of a neat Irishman;
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
His heart is good-humored, 'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights
For love—all for love—for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green;
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neck;

He goes to his tent, and spends his half-crown,
He meets with a friend, who for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, "Get you gone, Pat!" yet consents all the while.
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,
A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, Father Pat?"
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

"Bless the country!" says I, "that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and it's neighboring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Thrash the sons that would plant on their confines a cannon.
United and happy, at liberty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gay dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumbering still!
Ah! hast thou forgotten soon we must sever?

Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart;
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

'Twas down at Major Parsons' house,
The gals they had a quiltin',
Just for to show their handsome looks,
And have a little jiltin'.

CHORUS.

Yankee lasses are the U-
niversal airth bewitchin',
They're good and true, and handsome tu,
In parlor and in kitchen.

There was Deacon Jones' darter Sal,
Squire Wheeler's darter Mary,

And General Carter's youngest gal,
That looks just like a fairy.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

There was Lucy White and Martha Brown,
And Parsons' darter Betty,
Femimo Pinkhorn, Prudence Short,
And Major Downing's Hetty.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

But if there was a handsome gal,
To make a fellar's heart right,
I guess it was, by all accounts,
Miss Carolina Cartwright.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

Wal, as they were a-whirlin' plate,
And playin' hunt the slipper,
Jerusha Parsons went to git
Some cider in a dipper.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

But just as she had left the room,
And got inter the entry,
She give a scream and stood stock-still,
Just like a frozen sentry.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

We all ran out, and there, I swow,
Both huggin' like creation,
Miss Cartwright and Sam Jones we saw,
A kissin' like tarnation.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

Oh, such a laugh as we sot up,
You never heerd a finer,
Says I, "I reckon kissin's cheap,
Don't you, Miss Carolina?"

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

I wish you'd saw Miss Cartwright blush,
Jest like as if she'd painted,
She said—she had the colic—and
In Samuel's arms had fainted.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

And now, young gals, I'd say to you,
When you go tu a frolic,
Don't let the fellars kiss and hug,
Unless—you have the colic.

Yankee lasses are the U, &c.

Don't you Cry so, Norah, Darling.

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Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,
Wipe those tears away,
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,
Smile on me to-day;
See the wind is freshly blowing,
And the ship longs for the sea,
Be to-day your smiles bestowing,
Sweetly, love, on me.

CHORUS.

Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,
Wipe those tears away;
Don't you cry so. Norah, darling,
Smile on me to-day.

Though 'tis sad to leave you, darling,
I must no more stay,
Think of me, Norina, darling,
When I'm far away;
And, although to part brings sadness,
Keep your young heart light and free,
Your sweet face adorn with gladness,
Thinking still of me.

Don't you cry so, &c.

Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,
Wipe those tears away,
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,
Smile on me to-day;
When from work I rest, a-weary,
All my thoughts on you will be,
And my life will not seem dreary,
If you're true to me.

Don't you cry so, &c.

MR. McFINAGAN.

I'm a dacent laboring youth,
I wur born in the town of Dunshocaklin,
I'm a widower now in my youth,
Since I buried swate Molly McLaughlin.
I wur married but once in my life,
Shure I'll never commit such a sin again,
For I found out when she wur my wife,
She wur fond of one Barny McFinagan.

CHORUS.

Whack fil lil lan ta ra le,
Whack fil lil lan tar a ladday de,
Whack fil lil lan ta ra le,
With a ri tol lol lol dil de de de de.

Her father had castles of mud,
Of which I wur fond of admiring,
They wur built in the time of the flood,
For to keep her ancestors dry in.
When he found I had Molly bespoke,
First he got fat and then he got thin again,
In the struggle, his gizzard he broke,
And we had a corpse of McFinagan.

For convainance, the corpse was put
Along with his friends in the barn shure,
While some came to it on foot,
While others came down from Dunagrinshore,
My wife she cried and she sobbed,
I chucked her out twice and she got in again,
I gave her a belt in the gob,
When I wur knocked down by McFinagan.

The bed and the corpse was upset,
The row it commenced in a minute shure,
Divil a bit of a stick had I got,
Till they broke all the legs of the furniture.
In faith as the blood flew about,
Eyes were shoved out and shoved in agin,
I got a south-western clout,
Which knocked me on top of poor Finagan.

How long I was dead I don't know,
But this I know, I wasn't livin' shure,
I awoke wid a pain in my toe,
For they were both tied wid a ribben shure.
I opened my mouth for to spake,
The shate was rolled up to my chin again;
Och, Molly, says I, I'm awake;
Oh, says she, you'll be buried wid Finagan.

I opened my eyes for to see—
I strove to get up to knock her about—
I found that my two toes were tied,
Like a spoon in a pot of thick stirabout.

But I soon got the use of my toes,
By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan,
Who helped me to get into my clothes,
For to spread a grass quilt over Finagan.

Och, my she devil came home from the spree,
Full of whisky and ripe from the buryin' shure,
And she showed as much mercy to me,
As a hungry man shows a red herrin' shure.
One billy-go-fister I gave,
Which caused her to grunt and to grin again,
In six months I opened the grave,
And slapp'd her on the bones of Finagan.

It's now that I'm single again,
I'll spend my time rakin' and batterin',
I'll go to the fair wid the men, and
Dance wid the girls for a patterin,
They'll swear that I'm stuck to a lee,
And as they say to catch him agin,
But they'll not come the cuckle o'er me,
For they might be related to Finagan.

KITTY O'ROURKE.

WORDS BY G. W. ANDERSON.

Kind friends, unto me will you listen,
While a story to you I'll relate,
That happened one night in the kitchen,
While I was courting Miss Kate?
I was talking all kinds of love matter,
Divil a word of bad English I spoke,
Until Kitty she commenced her clatter,
Which soon put an end to the joke.

CHORUS.

Och! it's I'm the boy of the village,
Always ready to laugh at a joke,
But bad luck to the one who would trouble
My dear Miss Kitty O'Rourke.

So cosy we both sat together,
That me mouth it did itch for a smack;
Arrah, Kitty, says I, will ye kiss me?
Arrah, Barney, says she, hould your clack.
Says I, Kitty O'Rourke, I do love you;
Says she, Barney dear, now don't you lie;
Oh! I am spaking the truth now, dear Kitty,
If it wasn't for you shure I'd die.

Och! it's I'm the boy, &c.

Her looks pierced my heart like an arrow;
Divil a word for my soul could I spake.
Arrah, Barney, says Kate, vot's the matter?
Says I, I have got the heart ache.
Says she, Come, thin, and let us get married
Be Father McMahon, says she,
For he's the best man in the village
To tie up a couple like we.

Och! it's I'm the boy, &c.

So off to the parish we wandered,
Not a minute or moment we lost;
Then Father McMahon he bound us;
Says I,—Now, then, what is the cost?
Four pounds, three shillings, and sixpence,
Says he, is my usual fee;
Then, be gobs, says I, Father McMahon,
It's you nor I then wont agree.

Och! it's I'm the boy, &c.

So out Kitty and I was a-marching,
Whin Father McMahon, for spite,
Threw a poker, which hit my dear Kitty,
And thin he began to show fight.
Says I, Father McMahon, be aisy,
And wid your consent, we'll agree,
That the next time that I do get married,
I'll pay you your usual fee.

Och! it's I'm the boy, &c.

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